

BUFFALO GAL

She is the girl of the buffaloes who live along the highway. They follow her out to pasture in the mornings, and into the corral at dark.

When it is time for them to be made into steaks and burgers, they follow her to the deadhouse, lowing peacefully.

The Buffalo Gal wears boots made of thir hides and a dress of their buffalo skin. Her hair is thick and dark like theirs.

FICTRY

What we don't like about poetry is its distance from the object. Poetry is the process of converting bad ideas to startling images. The simple fact of the matter is that poetry is too old a form. So, too, is fiction (though more recently old). But now something new is on the loose, combining the two.

It is called "Fictry."

It avoids the absurd logic of fiction and the tortured standoffishness of poetry.

It says there is no difference between an adultery and a sunset, between a brass doorknob and a soul. It knows all our business is local and Fictry suits it best.

Fictry gives us characters whom we all know and love. They are insane and we never have to guess what they are up to. After all, what are we up to?

Fictry subscribes to the principle that form is a fraud and content a cheat.

Fictry may be read, spoken, or sung.

Fictry does not scatter itself all over the page like a mad woman's feces.

Though it has no end, Fictry may be read quickly without urgency, and enjoyably without apprehension. Fictry respects our time and our minds.

The best of Fictry is light-hearted and funny, in its own peculiar way. We feel good afterwards without having to wonder why.